To J. C. Barlow, Esq.

"LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER!"

Words by W. W. Fosdick, Esq. Music by W. C. Peters.

During the prevalence of the Yellow Fever in New Orleans, a young man from one of the Eastern States was stricken down with the fatal malady. In his delirium he called imploringly for his Mother. An aged and kind Matron, on being informed of the youth's wishes, glided softly to his bedside, laid her hand gently on his brow, and exclaimed, "Let *me* kiss him for his Mother." Alas, the vital spark had fled. He died and was buried among strangers, in a strange land.

Doloroso. Soft and Pathetic.

Con impeto. rit. *pp* *ff*

A youth lay dead, un-tended, Whom fate compell'd to roam, A

stranger lone, unfriended, An exile far from home. Un-

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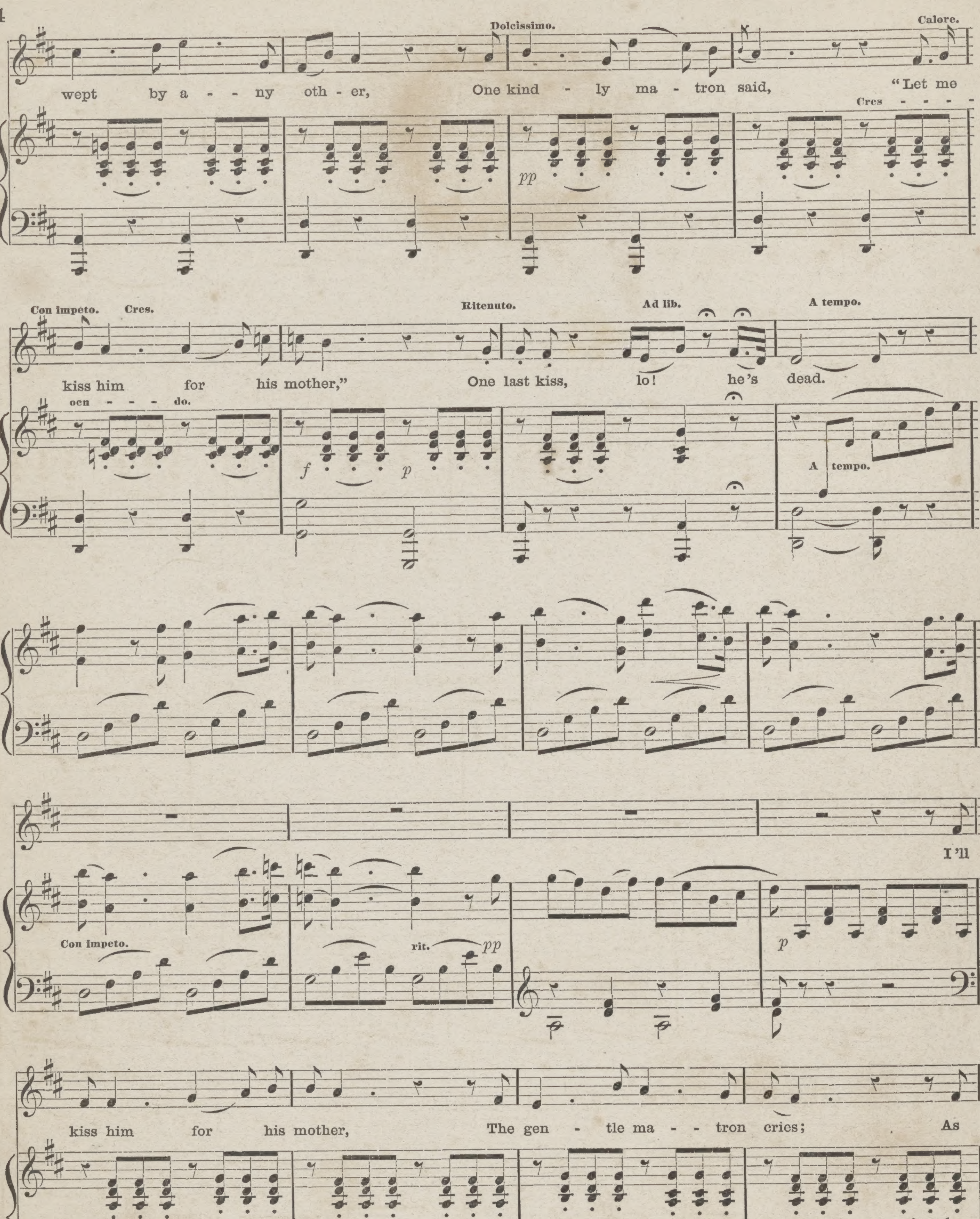
Dolcissimo.
Calore.
wept by a - - ny oth - er, One kind - ly ma - tron said, "Let me
Cres - - - -
pp
Con impeto. Cres.
Ritenuto.
Ad lib.
A tempo.
kiss him for his mother," One last kiss, lo! he's dead.
cen - - - do.
f
p
A tempo.
Con impeto.
rit.
pp
I'll
p
kiss him for his mother, The gen - tle ma - - tron cries; As

bitter tears ran streaming And glitter'd in her eyes. His

cold lip could not feel it, 'T was pale, its bloom had fled, Yet

pp

for his own dear mother, She kiss'd him, cold and dead.

f *p* *pp*

A tempo.

Con impeto.

rit. *pp*

Dear

ff

mother when I perish, Some gen - tle an - gel send, A

last fond kiss to cherish, For mother and my friend; Al-

tho' there's not an - oth - er My dy - ing form will miss, Yet

kiss me for my mother, Yes, bless me, bless me with her kiss.

cres. *f* *p*